



BATMAN

LEGENDS OF THE

# DARK KNIGHT

NO 67 JAN 95

195 UK 125 CAN 275



## GOING SANE

part three ▶ de matteis • staton • mitchell

**COMEDIA**

Coming Soon-  
**arnie's**  
PIZZA  
& PASTA

**COMEDIA**

JOSEPH... THIS NEIGHBORHOOD.  
WE SHOULDN'T BE WALKING HERE SO  
LATE AT NIGHT--

DON'T BE  
SILLY. THERE'S NOTHING TO  
BE AFRAID OF.

Coming Soon-  
**arnie's**  
PIZZA  
& PASTA

**COMEDIA**

I USED TO  
COME HERE ALL THE TIME  
WHEN I WAS YOUNGER... GOD HOW  
I LOVED THIS THEATER.

THEY USED TO  
SHOW NOTHING BUT GREAT  
OLD COMEDIES.

CHAPIN... KEATON...  
LAUREL AND HARDY... THE MARX BROTHERS...  
JACK BENNY--!

I SAW "THE  
HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT" AND "TO  
BE OR NOT TO BE" ON A DOUBLE-  
BILL HERE BACK IN--

WHAT  
ARE YOU TALKING  
ABOUT? YOU'VE LIVED IN  
GOTHAM FOR LESS THAN  
A YEAR--

--HOW  
COULD YOU  
POSSIBLY  
HAVE--

OH,  
THAT'S  
RIGHT

IT  
MUST  
BE...

**COMEDIA**

Coming Soon-  
**arnie's**  
PIZZA  
& PASTA

**COMEDIA**

JOSEPH...  
ARE YOU ALL  
RIGHT?

WHAT?  
OF COURSE I WAS  
JUST HAVING A LITTLE  
FUN WITH YOU. THAT'S  
ALL.

YOU  
KNOW HOW I AM,  
HONEY--

Coming Soon-  
**arnie's**  
PIZZA  
& PASTA

**COMEDIA**





# GOING SANE

## *Breaking the Surface!*

by j.m. De MATTEIS and joe STATON  
writer

steve willie digital  
**MITCHELL SCHUBERT CHAMELEON**  
inker letterer colorist



Where are  
you?



Somewhere close by.  
I know it.

I can feel you.



(You killed me.)



Your sickness  
is like nuclear  
dust, blowing  
on the night  
winds.

Poisoning  
everyone and  
everything it  
touches.



(You murdered me, you  
miserable maniac!)



Some people think you're dead.  
Blown to bits in the explosion that  
destroyed this old theater.

(Then threw me away like a  
piece of garbage.)



But, I know better.

DIA

Coming Soon -  
**Arnie's**  
PIZZA & PASTA

COMEDIA

We're on opposite sides, you  
and I, but there's one thing  
we have in common:



I WOULDN'T TRY  
TO GET UP IF I WERE  
YOU. EVEN WITH THE  
EMERGENCY SURGERY  
WE DID, YOU--



YOU'RE LUCKY I'M SUCH A GOOD DOCTOR. SOMEBODY ELSE MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO PATCH YOU BACK TOGETHER.



YOU'VE SPENT THE BETTER PART OF A WEEK DRIFTING IN AND OUT OF CONSCIOUSNESS. HAD QUITE A FEVER THERE FOR A WHILE.

YOU'RE A REAL MYSTERY-MAN--YOU KNOW THAT?



BODY BROKEN. NO IDENTIFICATION. AND THAT WEIRD OUTFIT WE FOUND YOU IN--"



WHAT DID HAPPEN TO YOU, ANYWAY?

I'D SAY YOU TOTALLED YOUR CAR-- EXCEPT THERE WASN'T A CAR IN SIGHT.





I'LL BE BACK LATER  
WITH SOMETHING TO EAT. IN THE  
MEANTIME, YOU REST.

WAIT!  
WH-  
WHERE AM  
I?  
WHO  
ARE YOU?



But someone rolled  
away the stone...

I'M  
BACK.

...and raised me from  
the dead.





No mask, no cape, no utility belt—but every day he puts himself on the line. Wades, hip-deep, into the sewage of this city and takes his stand.



Just once, I'd like to sit down with him... talk to him like a friend. Ask him about the struggles and triumphs, the dreams, and fears, that shaped him

And maybe share some of my struggles with him.

But I can't... can I?

I'm the Batman. I don't struggle. I don't feel. I move through the shadows, then vanish—like morning mist—in the light of day.

If I'd stepped out of the shadows just then, if Gordon had seen the stiffness in my leg, even a hint of simple human pain in my eyes, the illusion would have been shattered. Not just for him—but for me.



HEY, I'LL DO YOUR EYES, TOO, FOR AN EXTRA FIVE HUNDRED.

YEAH, RIGHT. JUST MAKE SURE YOU HAVE THE MONEY AND--

And the next time I wade into the sewage...



...I just might sink.  
HELLO? HELLO?  
SONUVABITCH HUNG UP ON ME!

NOBODY HUNG UP ON YOU, DOROTHY.



I RIPPED OUT THE PHONE WIRES.

TIME TO TALK, DOROTHY.

I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND'S MURDER.



I ALREADY  
TALKED TO THE  
COPS. I... I  
DON'T KNOW  
ANYTHING.

MAYBE YOU'LL  
TALK MORE  
EASILY...

--IN  
THE DARK.

SECRETS  
AND SHADOWS...  
THEY GO  
TOGETHER,  
DON'T YOU  
THINK?

YOUR  
HUSBAND LOVED  
SECRETS, DIDN'T HE?  
HIS LIFE'S WORK  
WAS THE CREATION  
OF LIES.

ELIAS BRUKNER WAS AN  
ALCOHOLIC HACK... A FAILED PLASTIC  
SURGEON WHO BUILT A THRIVING  
PRACTICE CATERING TO THE  
SLIME AND SCUM.

THE KIND OF  
MAN WHO'D CHANGE  
HITLER'S FACE IF  
THE PRICE WAS  
RIGHT.

CORONER'S  
REPORT SAYS HE WAS  
BEATEN TO DEATH THE SAME  
NIGHT THE "COMEDIA" BLEW  
UP... AND THE JOKER  
DISAPPEARED.

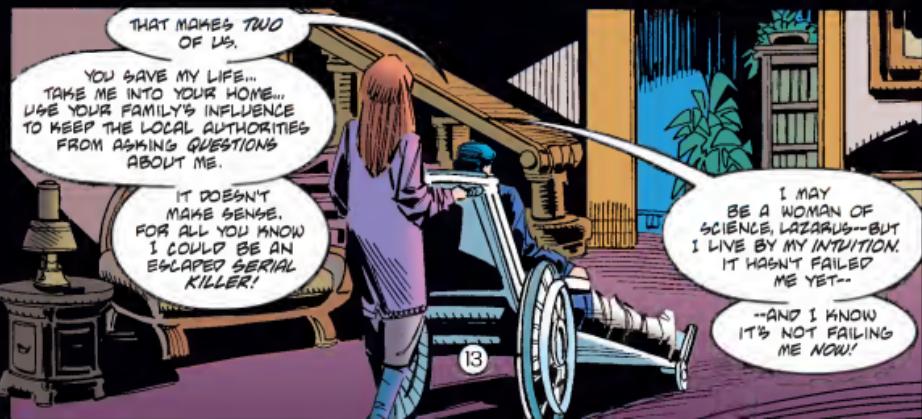
I'M BETTING  
HE DID THE SAME  
THING FOR THE  
JOKER.

INTERESTING  
COINCIDENCE, DON'T  
YOU THINK?

PIG!  
I DON'T  
TALK TO COPS--  
AND I DON'T TALK  
TO YOU!







"THIS TOWN--! I NEVER KNEW LIFE COULD BE SO DENTAL, SO SWEET.  
THE PEOPLE ARE SO LIZARDLY,  
PEOPLE STRUGGLE AND SUFFER HERE  
LIME ANYWHERE ELSE."

CAFE

"BUT IT'S DIFFERENT.  
NOT LIKE THE  
PLACE I'M FROM."  
"WAS IT THAT BAD?  
NO, IT WAS HORRIBLE!"



"TELL ME ABOUT IT.  
I LIVED WITH SHOGO LYNN,  
AND DURING I THINK I  
WAS ON MY WAY TO  
BECOMING ONE OF THE  
DEMONS MYSELF.  
IT'S THAT HARD TO  
BELIEVE."

"LIVE IN HELL LONG ENOUGH--  
AND EVENTUALLY EVEN AN  
ANGEL WILL SPROUT  
HORNS AND A TAIL. AND  
BELIEVE ME... I WAS NO  
ANGEL."

"CAN WE STOP NOW? I'M SO  
NOPE, NEVER GOTTA KEEP  
GOING. GET YOU BACK TO  
YOUR OLD SELF!"  
"I DON'T KNOW IF I WANT  
TO GO BACK TO MY OLD  
SELF."

"THEN MAYBE IT'S  
TIME TO CREATE  
A NEW ONE."  
"MAYBE IT IS."



"BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I HATED  
HELL SO MUCH I LEFT.  
REALLY? BUT?"  
"I THOUGHT RECORD WAS OLD,  
FRANCHISE UNSOUPHISTICATED.  
I WANTED TO RUN AWAY TO  
THE BIG CITY."  
"BOSTON?"

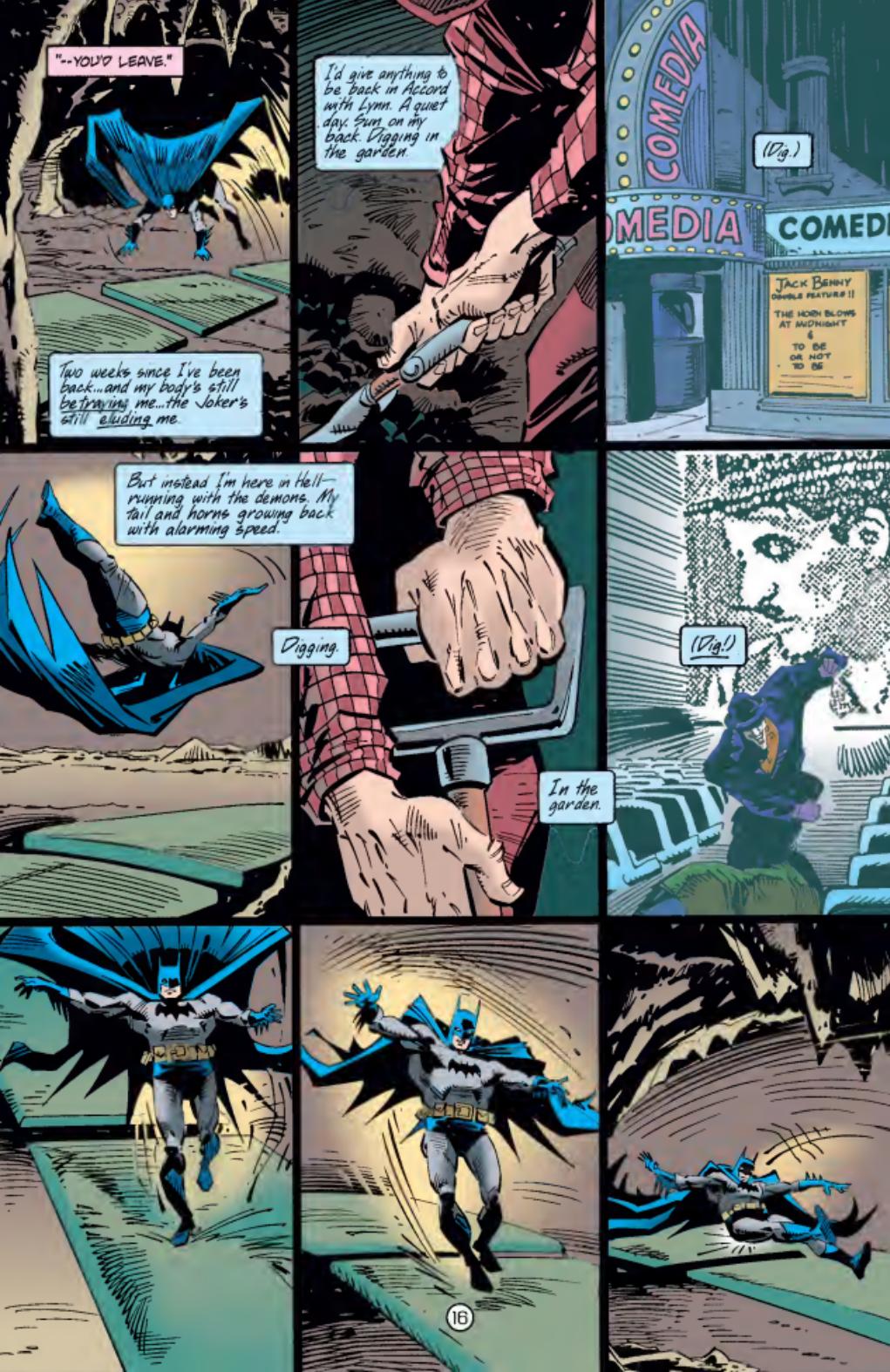
"YES, DID IT TOO. MOVED  
THERE WHEN I WAS  
EIGHTEEN."  
"WHAT HAPPENED?"  
"I ONLY LASTED A FEW  
MONTHS. THEN I GOT  
GOING TO MEDICAL  
SCHOOL--LIKE MY DAD--  
AND THEN COMING  
HOME."

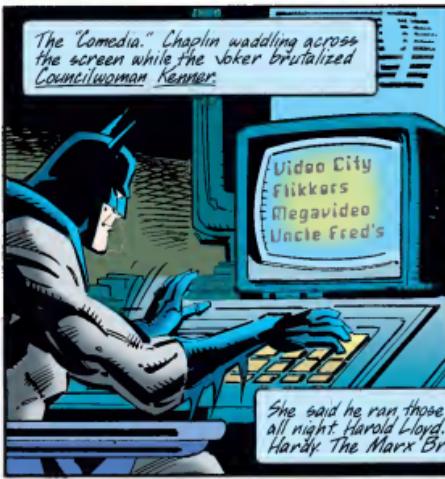
"MY FATHER WAS A DOCTOR."  
"REALLY? WHAT WAS HE LIKE?"  
"DESPICABLY COMPATRONATE. A REAL  
HEALER. I WANTED HIM TO  
GROW UP TO BE JUST LIKE HIM."  
"AND DID YOU?"  
"NO--"

"I BECOME EVERYTHING  
HE HATED."

"LYNN--ALL THESE MONTHS  
I'VE BEEN HERE WHY  
DON'T YOU EVER ASK?  
I DON'T."  
"ABOUT THE NIGHT YOU FOUND  
ME. ABOUT... THE TRUTH."  
"WHY SHOULD I?"  
"WHY SHOULD YOU?"  
"BECAUSE IF I TALKED, YOU'D  
HAVE TO ANSWER. AND  
ONLY ONE DID..."







A large computer monitor is the central focus, displaying a list of names: Mitchell Rose, Phyllis Fillmore, Joseph Kerr, Eruch Adams, Adam Marks, and Cassie Bills. The monitor is set against a dark background. In the foreground, Batman's gloved hands are visible, resting on a keyboard or trackball. A speech bubble near the monitor says, "he's still going to need his fix." Another speech bubble at the bottom left says, "Run a check on rental patterns at video stores. Mail order houses that cater to old movies, vintage radio shows." A final speech bubble at the bottom right says, "Cross-reference--searching for common names that have appeared in, say, the past six or seven months and..." The page number "17" is in the bottom right corner.

Mitchell Rose  
Phyllis Fillmore  
Joseph Kerr  
Eruch Adams  
Adam Marks  
Cassie Bills

Joseph Kerr

Joe Kerr

Jo Ker

Joker

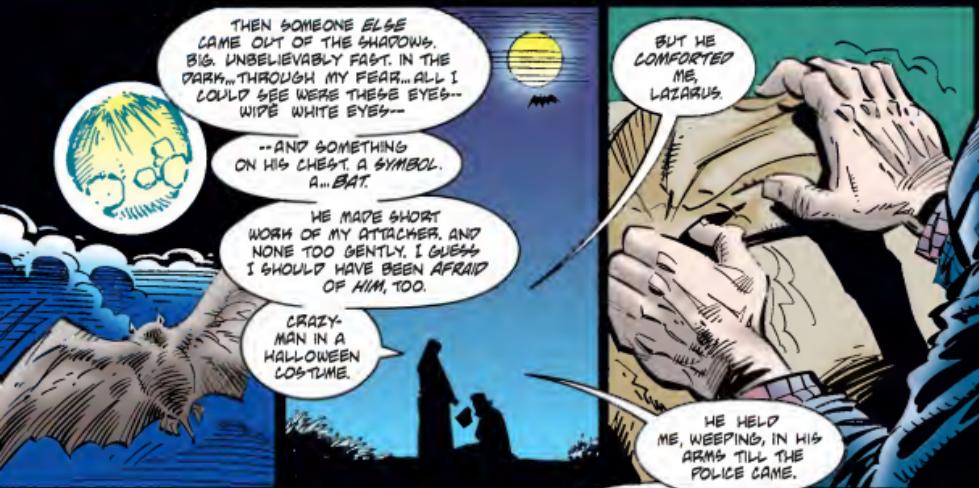
Joker

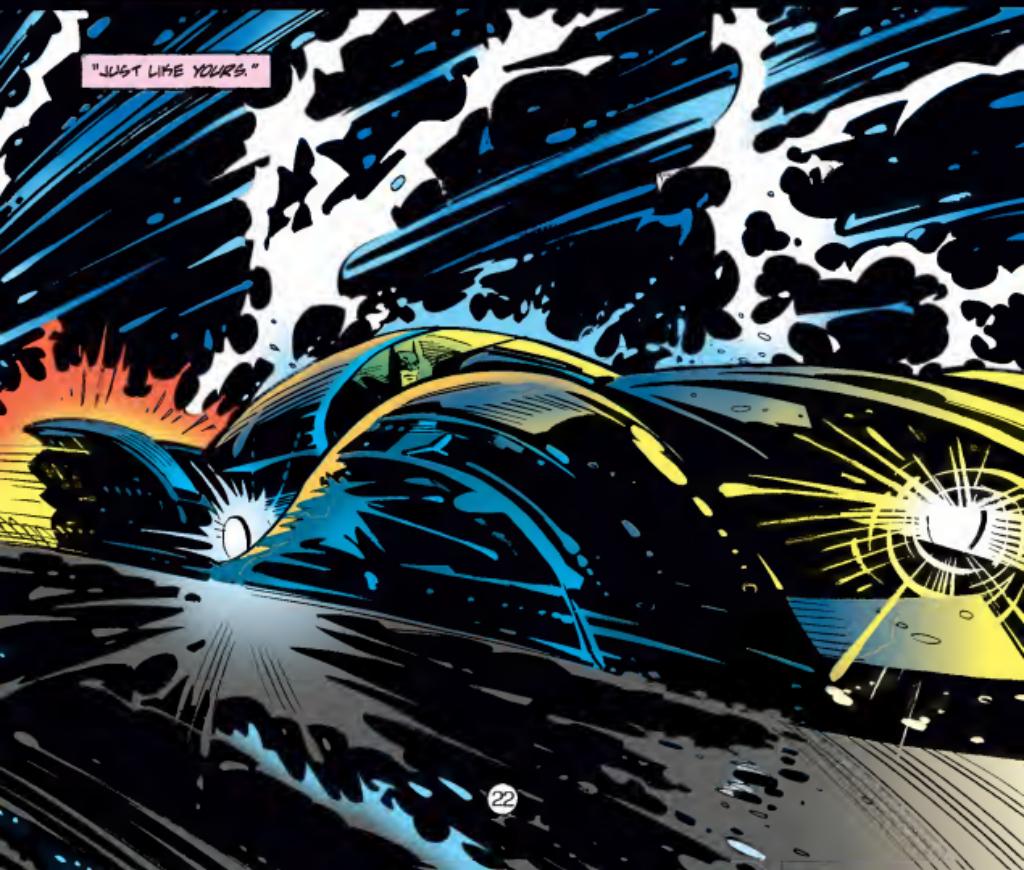
How could you be  
so stupid, Joker?  
So obvious.

Why couldn't you  
have hidden your-  
self away a little  
more cleverly?











Joseph Kern

Moved to Gotham Heights a week, or so after the "Comedia" went up. References questionable. Background vague, at best.



Y-YOU'RE  
HIM!! YOU'RE THE  
BATMAN!!

OH, GEEZ--  
I THOUGHT YOU  
WERE JUST SOMETHIN'  
GORDON AND THE  
COPS MADE UP  
TO--

WHO  
ARE  
YOU?

I HEARD  
SOMEONE WALKIN'  
AROUN' HERE IN THE  
APARTMENT. WITH JOSEPH  
AND REBECCA OUTTA  
TOWN, I FIGURED I  
BETTER--

JOSEPH--AND  
REBECCA...?

M--  
MIKEY SANSONIA.  
I'M THE SUPER, LIVE  
DOWNSTAIRS.

YEAH.  
SWEETEST  
COUPLE Y'D EVER  
WANNA MEET. THEY WENT  
ON VACATION A COUPLE  
O' WEEKS AGO.

PENNSYLVANIA,  
I THINK. OH, I WAS  
REALLY EXCITED FOR  
'EM, Y'KNOW? THEY'RE  
GETTIN'

--MARRIED...

Logic's a tool I can't  
do without—but it's  
worthless if it's not  
balanced by intuition.  
I've been swimming  
through the sewage  
long enough to know  
when the rats are  
nearby.

And they weren't  
in that apartment.

Joseph Kerr. Joker.  
It could be some  
wild coincidence—  
but I'm betting Joker  
planted Kerr's name  
for me to find.

That's what you do—  
isn't it lunatic? See  
kindness and spit on  
it. See love and grind  
it under your heel.  
No rhyme to it. No  
reason. You're just  
falling through  
darkness—

The love in that  
place was as  
palpable as the  
Joker's insanity.

A perfect way to send  
me on a wild goose  
chase—and disrupt  
the lives of two  
good and decent  
people.

Last time we met, you  
almost took me.

This time I'm  
dragging you  
up—

—and you want to  
take us all down  
with you.

-into the light.

**GOING  
SANE**  
*concludes  
next issue!*

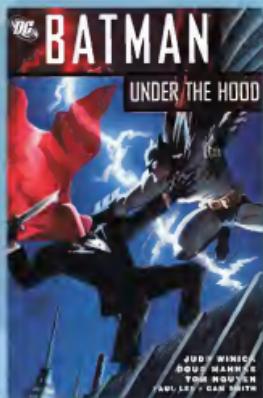
# MORE CLASSIC TALES OF THE DARK KNIGHT

BATMAN: HUSH



JEPH LOEB  
JIM LEE

BATMAN: UNDER THE HOOD  
VOLS. 1 & 2



JUDD WINICK  
DOUG MAHNKE

BATMAN:  
THE LONG HALLOWEEN



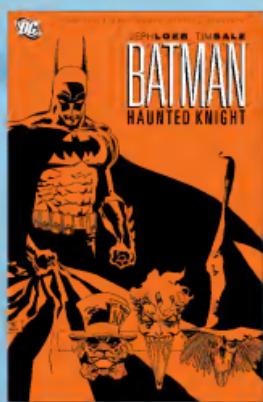
JEPH LOEB  
TIM SALE

BATMAN:  
DARK VICTORY



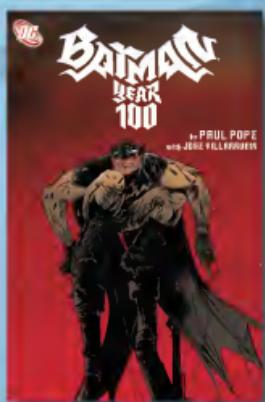
JEPH LOEB  
TIM SALE

BATMAN:  
HAUNTED KNIGHT



JEPH LOEB  
TIM SALE

BATMAN:  
YEAR 100



PAUL POPE

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